I am a right maid for my cowardize;
Let her not ſtrike me: you perhaps may thinke,
Becauſe ſhe is ſomething lower then my ſelfe,
That I can match her.
*Her.* Lower? harke againe.
*Hel.* Good *Hermia*, do not be ſo bitter with me,
I euermore did loue you *Hermia*,
Did euer keepe your counſels, neuer wronged you,
Saue that in loue vnto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your ſtealth vnto this wood.
He followed you, for loue I followed him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me
To ſtrike me, ſpurne me, nay to kill me too;
And now, ſo you will let me quiet goe,
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You ſee how ſimple, and how fond I am.
*Her.* Why get you gone: who iſt that hinders you?
*Hel.* A fooliſh heart, that I leaue heere behinde.
*Her.* VVhat, with *Lyſander*?
*Hel.* VVith *Demetrius*.
*Lyſ.* Be not afraid, ſhe ſhall not harme thee *Helena*.
*Dem.* No ſir, ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.
*Hel.* O when ſhee's angry, ſhe is keene and ſhrewd,
She was a vixen when ſhe went to ſchoole,
And though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.
*Her.* Little againe? Nothing but low and little?
VVhy will you ſuffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
*Lyſ.* Get you gone you dwarfe,
You *minimus*, of hindring knot graſſe made,
You bead, you acorne.
*Dem.* You are too officious,
In her behalfe that ſcornes your ſeruices.
Let her alone, ſpeake not of *Helena*,





Take not her part. For if thou doſt intend
Neuer ſo little ſhew of loue to her,
Thou ſhalt abie it.
*Lyſ.* Now ſhe holds me not,
Now follow if thou dar'ſt, to try whoſe right,
Of thine or mine, is moſt in *Helena*. (*Exit.*
*Dem.* Follow? Nay, Ile go with thee cheeke by iowle.
*Her.* You Miſtreſſe, all this coyle is long of you.
Nay, goe not backe.
*Hel.* I will not truſt you I,
Not longer ſtay in your curſt company.
Your hands than mine, are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though to runne away.
*Her.* I am amaz'd, and know not what to ſay. *Exeunt.*
*Ob.* This is thy negligence, ſtill thou miſtak'ſt,
Or elſe commit'ſt thy knaueries wilfully.
*Puck.* Beleeue me, King of ſhaddowes, I miſtooke.
Did not you tell me, I ſhould know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on?
And ſo farre blameleſſe proues my enterprize,
That I haue nointed an Athenians eyes,
And ſo farre am I glad, it ſo did ſort,
As this their iangling I eſteeme a ſport.
*Ob.* Thou ſeeſt theſe Louers ſeeke a place to fight,
Hie therefore *Robin*, ouercaſt the night,
The ſtarry Welkin couer thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*,
And leade theſe teſty Riuals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within anothers way.
Like to *Lyſander*, ſometime frame thy tongue,
Then ſtirre *Demetrius* vp with bitter wrong;
And ſometime raile thou like *Demetrius*;
And from each other looke thou leade them thus,
Till ore their browes, death-counterfeiting, ſleepe
With leaden ledgs, and Batty wings doth creepe;